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**Caddolina : A Story
of the Caddo Tribe**



CADDOLINA

A STORY OF THE
CADDO TRIBE



By

WILLIAM McCARTY PECK

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THE HISTORY of the Indian tribes is enriched by many well known facts; but those times, especially in the Southwest, have been sparingly treated by works of romance. This would be a sufficient excuse for the following story, if one were needed. If I should apologize for giving it in poetical form, I would say that I first wrote it in prose, and I have written five hundred pages of prose for each page of verse that I have attempted to write. I have gone **to** the muses, not **from** them, in my efforts to find literary recreation. In the field of the imagination it will hardly be denied that poetry is often superior to prose. Henry Hallam has given the decadence of poetry as one of the causes for the condition of the Middle Ages.

The slaughter of the Caddo tribe was related to me years ago by a Confederate officer while we were hunting in the old Indian Territory. Pointing to a little mountain near which we were tenting on the occasion, he said: "There on that bluff the Caddo tribe was slaughtered in a battle that was forced upon them by the Comanches." He had heard the details years before from an aged Indian, and related the story to me. It made a deep impression upon my mind. The scene of the heroic defense was interesting. At the western end of a curved elevation, covered as it was at the time with variegated leaves and wild flowers, and smiling in the autumn sunlight, the little mountain lay like a horizontal rainbow before us. The picture is as fair in my memory today as it was then.

P R E F A C E

The Caddo are believed to have belonged to the Hassinai tribe, one branch of which, the Tahas, gave the name to Texas. The Caddo were a tribe of peace, but they sometimes suffered for the sins of bad tribes, although they rarely, if ever, had any trouble with the white people, except when they were misunderstood.

The traditions of the Caddo have been preserved by Prof. Geo. A. Dorsey, and published by the Carnegie Institution at Washington. One of these traditions, "The Girl who Married the Evening Star," suggested the theme for Chapter 2 of this story.

The Caddo were divided into two Nations, one occupying Western Kansas and Nebraska; but the early home of the Southern Caddo was on lower Red River in North Louisiana, and adjoining portions of Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. They met the Spanish explorers as early as 1540, and throughout their history were friendly toward the white people. Their early habitations were conical grass lodges, and they were devoted to agricultural life, their prosperity and peaceful nature, so long as they were let alone, being proverbial. It may justly be said that there was never a time when they could be called a savage people.

I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Leonard, a Caddo Indian, for translations, and to Mr. C. V. Stenehsum, U. S. Indian Agent at Fort Sill, for courtesies, after I had concluded that the Caddo language was one of the lost Indian arts.

CADDOLINA

I.

The Caddo tribe, 'neath Southern skies,
Had never welcomed war ;
For peace was ever dear to them,—
They loved their peaceful star ;
And centuries of peaceful life
Had made them strong and free.
The turbid river flowing paid
Its tribute to the sea.
Primeval forests everywhere
Resounded with a song ;
Through aisles of pines and tangled oaks
The light played all day long,
And nature's music mingled with the air
The song of songs to sing ;
The human soul delights to hear
The song of life forever ring.
Beyond the forests, prairies spread
In rolling grandeur far ;
Their greatest harvests long unsown
Now rich as gold mines are.
Throughout the land, the earth and sky
Seemed ever quaint as new ;
Each day brought forth some new delight,
Each night in wonder grew.

II.

Primeval time beheld a world
Far different from that unfurled
Before our eyes in grandeur now;
Omnipotence to whom we bow
Created sun, moon, stars and earth,
At His command they had their birth.
And later came the race of man,
According to the Maker's plan,
Endowed we know with Heaven's love
To guide them to the land above.
Before the sunlight had been born
To fill the East with Heaven's morn,
And chase the darkness from the West,
That all the land might then be blest.
In time when they in numbers grew
And many objects did pursue,
The people chose their best man chief
Who ruled the tribe and brought no grief;
For his commands were just, and all
Obeying, there was ne'er a fall
Until at last the chief desired
A council called, and he required
That all the people promptly meet;
The council did this call repeat,
Pronounced to them the fatal word
"Remove," and never more was heard
The word remain. A rolling stone
Henceforth was better known
To represent the hapless tribes,
Their ceaseless wandering describes.
A westward movement then began—
'Twas in the blood, the fate of man.
The western range in grandeur rose;

That land the tribe in council chose.
The people sought a home out there,
The newest land, where frigid air
Pressed down the rugged mountain side,
And where the western ocean tide,
The Southern sea so long a dream,
Perhaps no broader than a stream,
Appeared in all its grandeur free,
The greatest body of the sea.

III.

A maiden fair once loved a star,
Because no other near or far
Could win her love, and so she said
No earthly suitor would she wed.
By day and night she loved to roam;
She tired of family, friends and home,
And watched the stars whose twinkling light
The heavens fill throughout the night.
The Evening Star enchained her gaze;
She dreaming dwelt in fond amaze.
At length she prayed that brilliant star
Might be her beau and come from far;
And lo, the star came very near.
Alas! Her soul was filled with fear;
An aged man the star appeared,
Unfit for love or peace she feared.
She watched him long; she read his face;
He wanted every manly grace,
And said, "You wished to be my wife,
So now your wish comes true; my life,
My home, my light is yours; be true;
For all the graces wait on you."

She longed to flee; her heart grew cold;
Her soul abhorred her lord so old.
"Nay nay," said he, "you shall not go;
The die is cast, you wished it so."
'Twas thus the groom unstarlike stood
Before his bride so fair and good,
He said: "Your beauty wins a star,
But fate the prize will hold and mar."
She saw too late a prison held
Her fast. Her mate she now beheld
An uncelestial monster was,
A star endowed with nature's flaws.
He took her on a mountain high
That seemed to reach the far blue sky,
And placed her on the topmost rock
Beyond the need of chain or lock,
Or any other vain design.
"The world is yours, but you are mine,"
He said. "You are my queen of love
Beneath the stars, but high above
The earthly lot you've known below,"
He added; then departing, left her so.
A thrill of terror filled her soul,
Her grief was far beyond control;
But death was welcome, for 'twould end
Her fatal love nought else could mend.
One chance remained, for circling round
Awee, an eagle, scorned the ground.
No other life was in her sight—
Her sole companion near the height,
And yet kind fate now made amends,
The eagle, not her tyrant sends.
His aery held by one so fair
At first disturbed the chief of air,
And then strange pity pierced the bird;

For soon he circled near, and heard
Her grief expressed in unknown prayer;
The eagle perched with vacant stare.
She saw his talons hard as steel—
How great the strength his legs reveal—
Beneath his wings outspread on high,
And earthward ready soon to fly.
His legs brought hope, she seized them both;
Her only hope she dared not loath.
Her flight was like a shooting star;
The vale to her, though dimly far,
Became the object of her flight;
The eagle bore her from the height.
Did ever maiden fly like this,
From grim despair to fields of bliss?
The flight of joy athwart the air,
The pilot eagle's golden stair;
The ride for life brought freedom's boon,
Return to earth before life's noon;
'Twas fate reversed, and death outdone;
'Twas love revenged, the victory won.

IV.

In Caddoland the feast of maize—
The plant that all the people praise—
Was held in autumn's golden days, (1)
 The fruitage of the fields.
The harvest, nature's golden boon,
The beauty of the harvest moon,
The ripened grain of autumn's noon
 God's bounty ever yields

In spring the flowers ever new,
So rich and rare in every hue
To which the rainbow lends no clue,
 The hand of nature shields.
The winter with its frost and snow,
The killing blasts that rudely blow
And wither plant life here below
 Its mighty power yields.

Surpassing all the works of art,
Appealing to the human heart,
Whose secret nature won't impart,
 Or earth would match the sky.
The wings that give the eagle flight,
The dew drops melting in the light,
With heaven's wonders all in sight
 To charm the eager eye.

October, second summer time,
 In this our favored Southern clime,
 The month of gold, the month sublime,
 Because its beauty quaint,
 Its Indian Summer, famed and fair,
 The hazy magic of the autumn air,
 With golden colors everywhere,
 The frost chief's fingers paint.

The leaves that autumn paints with tints
 Of which art gives us only hints,
 In letters which the frost-pen prints
 On pages quaint and fair.
 Perfection of the human hand,
 Whose art will ever more expand,
 Is reached when true to nature planned,
 The wizard touch of care.

In Flowerland they loved to dwell,
 Where beauty haunted vale and dell,
 The glory of the land to tell,
 The people's fortune wheel.
 The song-birds' chosen Paradise,
 Dame Nature's music free of price,
 In autumn also could suffice,
 Its mystery reveal.

To halt the Southward pigeon flights (2)
 That came across the Northern heights,
 The rarest of the winged sights—
 A billion in the throng;
 Whose rise like distant thunder seemed
 To wake the echoes in a land that dreamed,
 Where nature's wonders were redeemed
 By heaven's gift of song.

Thus sleepless nature labored on
 To work the wonders of the dawn
 In peaceful days with darkness gone,
 And beauty everywhere.
 The world was young and music free
 Throughout the land, from sea to sea,
 A feast of nature's minstrelsy
 Forever in the air.

V.

Before that time reports were spread,
 Mysterious as from the dead,
 That pale-faced men divinely bred
 Had landed on the soil,
 Who spoke in unknown tongues and rode
 Strange steeds with glossy mane that flowed,
 The gift that nature's hand bestowed
 On willing beasts of toil.

At length De Leon came in sight— (3)
 Ambitious, heartless, blind to right;
 The fount of youth both day and night
 He sought in Western isles.
 A man of iron with nerves of steel,
 Whose heartless deeds might well reveal
 His heart of steel. A bigot's zeal
 The noblest soul defiles.

The wilderness in regal state
He pierced, and led his band to fate
In search of fortune all too late,
 Or find his youth regained.
The first to reach the Flowery land,
An arrow shot by savage hand
Struck down the leader of the band,
 His object unattained.

De Vaca now passed through the lands, (4)
And left his impress on the sands.
Enslaved by rude or warlike bands
 His way was long delayed;
Yet on and on he later pressed;
His course was often lost or guessed,
But onward to the golden west
 He journeyed undismayed.

De Soto next sought greater fame
And fortune, and his sword and name
Around him brought with kindred aim
 Six hundred gallant men
Who lived for fortune and renown,
Those mail-clad men whose very frown
Had kept the people poor and down—
 God gives us Now for Then.

Those heartless men, those pious tools,
For God alone the savage fools
They vowed to teach in sacred schools,
 Yet made them abject slaves.
Throughout the wild and boundless waste
The sword and lash made cruel haste
Till retribution came and chased
 Them back or to their graves.

De Soto, stern, had drawn his sword
 Upon the blinded savage horde;
 With lash he coaxed; with sword implored,
 Yet claimed he came from God.
 The red men quick received the new,
 At once believed their masters true,
 At length their doubts rebellious grew—
 They mocked the pious fraud.

The Mississippi was his prize,
 But this he did not realize,
 The treasured golden merchandise
 He had forever lost.
 Heroic man of will, of steel,
 To whom the Inca did appeal,
 Pizarro's baseness did reveal,
 The Inca's life it cost.

The mighty river grandeur lent—
 Became his tomb and monument;
 The hero dying in his tent,
 Death nerved his lofty soul.
 But ere in death at last he slept
 An Indian girl beside him wept,
 Her vigil still at midnight kept
 In grief beyond control. (5)

La Salle, a great heroic soul,
 Then sought the Mississippi's goal;
 An empire for his king he stole—
 The trusting tribes betrayed;
 And yet his day adjudged him right;
 His day was darker than our night,
 But brought us to a grander light—
 His glory ne'er will fade. (6)

One-half the world today must mourn
 Because by world war fields are torn,
 Because her sons to death are borne

In numbers all unknown.

How vain the boast we're better now—
 Have turned the sword into the plow;
 We mock the Maker when we bow

And say, "How good we've grown."

We may be good at making arms
 To speed along the world's alarms,
 For ducats adding to the storms

That fill the world with woe.

Our opportunity we mock,
 Our hearts for lucre turn to rock,
 The mangled millions vainly knock

For peace, receive a blow. (7)

The war lord brings our people war
 Across the sea so dark and far;
 Our guns must answer 'neath the star

That should have brought us peace.

To arms we cry for honor's sake,
 To arms we go, position take,
 In world war deeds our record make

For peace that war may cease.

Let none desert the flag, nor turn
 And basely fly, for mem'ry's urn
 Is warmed by deeds that ever burn

Within the breasts of men.

On land and sea fair liberty,
 Thy flag—our flag, forever free—
 Where'er thy sacred cause may be,

Forever wave, Amen!

Our country calls, let us respond,
 For patriotism is our bond—
 Our Union, honor, strength—beyond
 Ask not for reasons why;
 The flag, the emblem of the free,
 And banner of our liberty
 That waves for all on land or sea,
 For thee we live or die.

VI.

The advent of his pale-faced foes,
 That came with prayers to end with blows,
 Was not the worst of Indian woes
 That never will be told.
 The thirst for blood is nature's bribe,
 And age-long wars of tribe with tribe
 Nor pen nor brush will e'er describe,
 Will ne'er again unfold.

But now the hills so peaceful seem,
 The bloody hunting grounds a dream,
 Like Chickamauga's peaceful stream
 That bears a tragic name.
 For long the land with blood was rife
 Before the white man brought his strife
 And arts that challenged Indian life
 To deeds of tragic fame.

'Twas proof of nature's direful games;
 The tribal wars with blood-bought names
 Outliving even savage aims

And deeds so far amiss.

Time was when every hill and dale,
 Each landscape smiling in the vale,
 Was battle-shrined, a crimson tale
 Whose malice seemed to hiss.

A story told in accents bold,
 More lasting than the love of gold,
 A love so young and yet so old—

The story never dies.

A world of wrong those deeds supplied
 Though long ago their mem'ry died,
 The words remain electrified

And live in mute surprise.

They tell of people born to weep
 Before they went to final sleep;
 The painted rock, the lover's leap,

Where silence shields romance.

Behold the bluff where valor long
 Withstood assaults by numbers strong,
 Against the rude and bloody throng,

Against the grim advance.

Opposing bands met blows with blows,
 While here and there great mounds arose,
 Unnamed, untold in verse or prose—

Those monuments of earth—

Creations made by human hands
 Expressing dreams of vanished bands
 And adding glory to the lands—

Those dreams of noble birth. (8)

Their silence pleads a peaceful aim,
 For war is but a wretched game,
 Save in defense and honor's name,
 For then the right's reserved.
 For other wars are false and vain,
 The slaughter pens of hill and plain
 Where heaven views a million slain
 Whose death was undeserved.

For rage of battle, lust of wars,
 The prompt resort of bloody Mars
 And Gothic Thor, the exemplars
 Of Europe's war-bought fame,
 Where men in battle ranks are pressed—
 Dire proof that peace is yet the best
 For East no less than for the West
 In heaven's frowning name.

May peace be blest by all the world
 And wars black banners all be furled,
 The war-lords everywhere be hurled
 In grim despair and rage,
 To weep for seas of human gore
 Their sins have cost; a million more
 Will not appease; alas a corps
 Counts one in this our age.

But better things must come at last
 When all this thirst for blood is past,
 When rage for battle is outlashed
 By peaceful aims not dreams.
 A causeless war is never right,
 It cannot bear the searching light
 That seeks the depths of causeless might
 Beneath which hope still beams.

VII.

In far off days the Caddo tribe,
Whose virtues I would fain describe,
Was great because nor threat nor bribe—
 Nor even pomp of war—
Could turn their hearts away from peace,
A boon that ever did increase,
Though wars of others ne'er might cease—
 The Caddos' peaceful star.

'Twas strange indeed that they alone
No seed of strife had ever sown,
Of all the nations war had never known—
 That curse e'er passed them by.
No doubt the God of love had blessed
With peace endowed beyond the rest,
This tribe, when others in the West,
 Beneath the sundown sky,

He cursed with love of cruel war,
Whose nature it must ever mar;
For true it was a peaceful star
 With welcoming surprise
Had shone for them, and far or near
They ne'er had shed a war-cursed tear;
In all their peaceful world no fear
 Of war did e'er arise.

No battle blows, no mortal strife—
Though round them seeming ever rife—
Had come to mar their peaceful life
 Unused to battle cry,
The cry to womanhood a curse,
For time but made her fate the worse,
Though sinless she was evil's nurse,
 For others' sins to die.

In every clime beneath the sun
Her prayer was e'er a peaceful one,
For men might fight or men might run,
 Her wrongs went unredressed;
For her there seemed no bugle call,
For woman's lot was worst of all,
She suffered on without a fall,
 And smiled although oppressed.

The Caddos' land was free from vice;
For honest deeds he knew no price;
He knew that honor would suffice,
 And gave his service free.
He lived the life that nature planned,
And roamed the plains by breezes fanned,
A peaceful though a fearless band,
 From mountain to the sea.

His fires of friendship lit the hills,
And music lingered in the rills
Where memory dear lends its thrills
 Each live-long sunny day.
The beauty of the thrilling dawn,
The rosy light when night is gone,
The stars by day go marching on
 Behind the light's display.

They're merged in day from hour to hour,
'Tis heaven on earth, the sunlight power,
The trail of light, the fiery tower,
 Earth's moving picture show.
A chariot race across the sky,
The midway of the sun on high,
The waves of light that pass us by,
 A Paradise below.

The grandeur of the world at noon,
The fulness of the sunlight's boon,
So far beyond the fairest moon,
 The glory of the day.
The march goes on from morn to night,
Procession of the waves of light,
Enchanting every mortal sight,
 The smile of God at play.

Across redeeming fields of joy
Beyond the hills, beyond alloy,
Where waves of light on fields deploy
 In beauty bending far,
As if the elements had woven rays
In many golden sunlit ways,
A cloth of gold from golden days
 That night will never mar.

A day, a little kingdom of its own,
A world of joy or sorrow sown
To bloom again, perchance unknown;
 If joy, 'tis God's own boon;
If sorrow, it is Satan's curse,
And low'ring clouds but make it worse
Before the stars can reimburse
 The absence of the moon.

At last the welcome Golden Gate,
 That shames the frown of envious fate,
 The Sundown Skies, the Sunset State,
 And station of the sun;
 In flaming robes of beauty dressed,
 The golden globe sinks in the West,
 The western world now goes to rest—
 The day its course has run.

VIII.

The children of the boundless plain,
 Alike familiar with the frost and rain,
 Who viewed the distant mountain chain,
 Enshrined in heaven's blue,
 As bordering their earthly home
 Where evil nevermore might come,
 A Paradise in which to roam,
 Their mission to pursue.

Their garden where a little toil,
 Hedged in with flowers, beauty's foil,
 Produced a harvest from the soil;
 The fields of nodding maize,
 Where none had ever made dispute,
 Where nature played her sweetest lute,
 And God had lavished golden fruit,
 For which they gave Him praise.

From year to year, from age to age,
They read the stars like written page,
The hosts of God's own equipage,
 While in the smiling vale
Grew flowers challenging the stars,
Those magic gems, sweet avatars
Of glory, from the planet Mars
 To orbs so dimly pale.

Those scintillating globes of fire
That fill the soul with love's desire,
A holy flame that wont expire
 But teach us constancy.
Was this an Eden in the West
Whose border was the mountain crest,
The Paradise of children blest,
 A nation by the sea?

Was this where God had planted joy
Beyond the power that could destroy
Beneath the sun; or grim decoy
 To trick the child-like mind?
A place all bordered round with death
In guise of mercy's Shibboleth,
A pang for ev'ry human breath,
 The curse of humankind?

Indeed misfortune lies in wait,
To come so soon, remain so late,
To do the worst decrees of fate,
 Augmenting ev'ry curse,
Until at last the die is cast,
For human nature bends at last,
And breaks like oak before the blast;
 Thus we our ills rehearse.

My heart goes back to happy days,
 Our souls respond in kindred praise,
 And joy returns in many ways
 To recompense our life.
 Ah, auld lang syne, 'tis ever thine
 To touch the soul, and even mine,
 And ours, whenever we'd resign
 A burden grim and rife.

IX.

Before the cup of sorrow came,
 As if the light burst into flame,
 There came the thrill of greater fame
 That seemed to point the way;
 For Paradise were bleak indeed,
 And everyone would dwell in need
 If love were banished thence by greed,
 For love will win the day.

The Caddo chief was brave and true
 While happiness about him grew;
 A daughter's love around him threw
 The shield of joy, the joy
 Of love born in a faithful soul,
 The highest height, the dearest goal,
 The love that pays the loving toll
 That evil can't destroy.

Her innocence was virtue's prize ;
Her artless beauty charmed all eyes,
And yet she reigned no queen of sighs.

Her father's rule was just,
Kaday indeed, the chief of peace,
The tribe in honor would increase
Unless her love should wane and cease,
A love the tribe might trust.

No other sorrow could entail,
Could bring to all the tribal wail
Of death, unless her love should fail,

In this they all found life.
In love she found her mission true,
God's love for all she would pursue—
From day to day His love renew,
And shun the way of strife.

Fair Caddolina, was her name,
The name she gave a noble fame,
From which great tribal honor came—

It stood for love and peace.
Fair Chakyuto, the Prairie Flower,
That lives forever in an hour,
The sweetest fragrance gave the power
To cause all hate to cease.

The striking beauty of her face,
The magic spell of untaught grace
That marked her of the Caddo race,

For this and more was she ;
And yet she seemed of all no part,
To none appeared to give her heart ;
For her though Cupid held his dart,
Her fancy e'er was free.

The tanaha and strange kaho
 Though different, alike bellow,
 In dark no one could ever know
 If land or water beast
 Were coming in the moonless night;
 Yet somehow there's an oversight,
 For God doth give us inward light
 When danger is increased.

Her childhood like a dream had passed,
 For danger that from beast or blast
 Had menaced her, had ne'er harassed
 Her ever charmed life.
 Her days seemed numbered by the light,
 The shadows passed with every night,
 Or moonbeams lingered all in sight
 To charm away all strife.

Her life was free from wicked guile
 And naught her heart could e'er defile:
 Abhorring all that made life vile
 She lived and prayed for all.
 A crocodile that once was seen
 Approaching her with horrid mien,
 A youth struck dead with spear so keen,
 Her peril did forestall.

“And now,” said he, “your hand, your hand,
 The dearest hand in all the land,
 Oh, Love, you cannot understand
 The gift I pledge to you—
 My soul, my heart: My heart is whole,
 The climax of my hidden soul,
 The gift of heaven to console
 And guard your life so true.

My heart, my life, down at thy feet
I lay; oh, Love, the gift is sweet
Alone because without deceit
 'Tis thine, and thine alone.
In all the world, in all the sky,
To me there's nothing half so high
For which I would so gladly die
 As you, my love, my own.

She heard his words with deep concern,
And felt her cheek more crimson burn,
But yet to give a happy turn
 Denied all love for him.
A jest may often prove love's test,
And yet the truth is always best
For love, which never knows a jest,
 And then 'tis ever grim.

Somehow he felt his doom was sealed;
His brain gave way; he staggered, reeled,
All hope was gone; his blood congealed
 As though he turned to stone.
So, standing, from the bluff he fell;
His form lay ghastly in the dell
And ever after gave its spell,
 As Lover's Leap was known.

The tragie end of life, the end
Of love. No more the bow would bend;
No more the arrow's message send—
 Its mark to seek afar.
She saw her error; reeled and fled,
The hand of fate had stricken dead
The youth upon whose fated head
 Had set misfortune's star.

His silver voice was heard no more ;
 No more the angels, as before
 To hear him, hung about the door ;
 His magic smile was gone ;
 His thrilling laugh no more was heard,
 The music of the mocking bird
 That dwelt upon his ev'ry word,
 The harp that love played on.

X.

In all the land her fame was known,
 On ev'ry hand her deeds were sown,
 The hand of God was in her own
 For good but not for ill.
 Both far and near like evening's star
 That seems so near, yet still is far,
 She was the star that ne'er would mar
 But did the Maker's will.

Her love had made another world,
 The star of love in love unfurled
 In Caddoland forever whirled,
 Another sun she seemed.
 The life of all would sunless be
 If love were not eternity—
 As boundless as the greatest sea ;
 By love are we redeemed.

For love is like the stars by day
That shine though lost in sunlight's play,
And darkness gives them brighter sway,
 So brilliant in the night.
From day to day she grew in grace,
The soul of beauty lit her face,
No thought of evil left its trace
 To mar the soul's delight.

She loved the flowers growing wild
And tamed them like a loving child
Until a bower undefiled
 Grew round her perfumed lodge.
The goldenrod was all aglow
In autumn still untouched by snow,
And plumes were nodding to and fro
 Like plumed knights that dodge.

Before her smile in mute dismay
The boldest lover strode away,
The nobler ones content to stay
 Love's story told betimes.
Paternal love made life so fair
Naught pleaded cause of lover rare
Nor spoke his praise in song or prayer,
 In nature's woodland rhymes.

Her hands the clever magic knew
To twine the vines and roses too
In clinging beauty as they grew
 About her bower rare;
To twine them in fantastic form
With taste that lent an added charm
In sylvan dells where no alarm
 Could mar a scene so fair.

In wild profusion flowers rare
 With fragrance stored the balmy air
 While honey bees without impair
 Drew sweets for wintry days.
 The nights though gladdened by the stars,
 Those eyes of fire that nothing mars,
 Were filled with music nothing bars,
 The whippoorwill's lone praise.

The light of beauty in her eyes
 Reflected from the sunlit skies—
 The light that never fades or dies,
 But lives forevermore;
 The sense of duty in her heart
 Was prompted by no selfish art,
 Nor pierced could be by Cupid's dart,
 Nor message that it bore.

Angelic love for all the band
 That dwelt within that magic land
 She felt, and blessed on ev'ry hand
 In love and heart and soul;
 She deemed each lover loved enough,
 Although a diamond in the rough,
 If this he shared without rebuff
 Within the tribe's control.

But love is e'er unsatisfied
 If others should his love divide,
 Or share with all the tribe beside,
 For selfish love is fair.
 And so each lover sighed in vain
 Until there seemed a sighing train,
 Though all had lost, yet none could gain—
 No lucky swain was there.

XI.

The storm that breaks the mighty oak
That stood a thousand years, then broke
Beneath the gathered awful stroke—

 The age-long test of might;
Resistless lightning striking blind,
Predestined foe of humankind,
A lesson is to ev'ry mind,

 A wonder and a blight.

The Caddo tribe in search of peace
That failed at last, another lease
Of happiness that might increase
 With length of days and more,
Had found another home indeed
Where nature's hand had sown the seed
That might enhance the golden meed
 Of peace as ne'er before.

For ev'rywhere as if at rest
The land though new was doubly blest
Because the object of their quest
 The end that all could see,
The rain and sunshine. No turmoil
In hiding seemed to curse the soil,
The land would bloom with little toil,
 Fit home for people free.

The noblest deeds in mem'ry dwell
 With all who feel their magic spell,
 Although they sound a nation's knell,
 The death of treasured hopes.
 A single battle oft may end
 A people's peace and then extend
 Its shadow like a pall to blend
 With death where mem'ry gropes.

XII.

The Seven Cities of Cibola,
 The mountain heights of Arcola,
 A message weird from Matola,
 The mind had filled with dreams
 That grew to longings of the soul,
 Supplanting ev'ry other goal,
 Beyond all power to control,
 Though hope forever gleams.

The great South Sea, so long unknown,
 Pacific though by storm clouds blown,
 Its broad expanse in silence lone—
 Majestic, useless, free.
 The Sunset Land, the land of sleep,
 The centuries with silent sweep
 Had passed with none to watch or weep
 Beside that silent sea. (9)

Retracing now their steps they pass
 Back eastward, for disease, alas!
 Had broken all their hopes like glass—
 Their hearts were sore oppressed.
 Their new Pacific home was cursed,
 Misfortune on their heads had burst,
 For pestilence had brought the worst—
 Their home no longer blest.

A home they found beyond the crest,
 A province by its own peace blest,
 In peace again they hoped to rest,
 A peace extending far.
 Yet in that very land they found
 A foe sprang up as from the ground,
 Full armed and at a single bound
 Stood forth prepared for war.

No calumet of peace they smoked,
 The war dance only they invoked;
 Decrees of peace were all revoked— (10)
 The war god took command.
 The wigwams of the Caddo tribe,
 No pen their gloom can e'er describe
 Though time and wrong might circumscribe
 The numbers of the band.

The frown of war shone everywhere
 And martial voices rent the air
 That filled the people with despair,
 To feed the battle's flame.
 No more came peace at any price,
 For war demanded sacrifice,
 No matter if 'twere born of vice,
 The price was paid the same.

XIII.

Before the battle on the plain,
 Below the hill a war-dance strain
 Began; went round and round again—
 They turned, they yelled, they danced --
 Forth, back, up and down, single file,
 In war paint shining all the while,
 With fiendish cry, demonic smile,
 They cantered, bantered, pranced.

'Twas thus the battle hour came round,
 And thus an hour for prayer was found
 By waiting men whom fate had bound,
 Begirt by tribal hate.
 'Twas meet that Caddo men should pray,
 Appeal to heaven though at bay,
 Before they joined in mortal fray,
 The dire decree of fate.

“Great Spirit, hear the Caddo’s prayer,
 Thou Soul of Justice ever fair,
 Thy children seek Thy holy care,
 On Thee alone rely
 For succor in this battle hour;
 To Thee we look; Thou art our tower
 Of strength, Thou art the power
 That canst the foe defy.

As when of old God's people prayed,
 Oppression's arm was often stayed;
 So now we seek Almighty aid,
 Though we should live or die.
 Teach us in all to be like Thee,
 As freeman worthy to be free,
 Ashamed to turn our backs or flee—
 To Thee alone we cry." (11)

"The hill of Mars forsooth is ours,"
 Said Chief Kaday, "and the powers
 Of evil can assail us there for hours
 With no avail to them.
 Then let us stand behind the wall,
 And there await the battle call
 To see our persecuters fall,
 'Tis honor's diadem.

"This hill, Enego, flanked with earth
 A thousand moons before our birth—
 This hill is half the battle worth,
 And here we take our stand."
 Kaday, of stalwart frame, and eye
 Which like the eagle's, could defy
 The blazing sun that shone on high,
 Forth led his valiant band.

Forsooth a mighty man was he,
 Beloved by all the tribe, and free;
 For Caddolina made him see
 The way to nobler life.
 For womanhood ennobles man—
 It's been so since the world began
 Without exception to the plan;
 She's seldom blamed for strife.

The foe came crowding up the hill,
 Most eager blameless men to kill,
 And do the devil's wicked will
 On unoffending men;
 On peace-ennobled men of nerve
 Undaunted, who would never swerve
 From duty's call; who loved to serve
 Though never taught by pen.

Nor rifle shot nor cannon ball
 Was heard to sound beyond the wall,
 But savage yells made duty's call
 To meet the savage foe.
 No modern warfare would they wage,
 Their victims in a helpless cage
 To gratify their cruel rage,
 And add but woe to woe.

Along the rugged mountain brow
 The first grim contest opened now
 As boulders down its side would plough
 Among the wicked foe.
 The pond'rous rocks fell thick and fast,
 Like thunder-bolts from Jove's own blast,
 By willing hands well aimed and cast
 On fiends of war below.

But foes were thicker far than rocks;
 The broken heads had thinned the flocks,
 Yet others still pressed on in blocks
 Where'er their comrades fell.
 In rear another way appeared,
 For there the grim embankment reared
 Its front, and here the foe were speared
 Beyond the power to tell.

At length sheer numbers overcame
Those brave defenders in the game,
And tragedy of war, whose fame
 In marble is untold.
Heroic men! Until the end
Gave all, death's messenger to send,
With decimated foes to blend
 In death, the dross with gold.

At bay they stood, undaunted men,
Their refuge but a wretched den,
The mountain crest a prison pen,
 Their hope the God of Might,
A covenant with death to fall,
Behind the frail protecting wall,
The final test, the tribal call,
 And conflict for the right.

With battle-axe, though rudely made,
The Chief the hand of fate delayed;
For round him foemen dead were laid—
 A circle where he fell.
His hand was forced to deal the blow;
The world in sorrow needs to know,
In self-defense, God wills it so
 To strike the fiends of hell.

XIV.

The sole survivor, tribesmen slain,
When Caddolina faced the plain,
Escape that way she saw was vain;
 Behind the river flowed,
A danger great, because the tide
Was swollen like a sea, and wide
The turgid waters thus defied
 The foe in savage mode.

She quickly formed a purpose bold;
'Twas sooner carried out than told,
For rushing where the waters rolled
 A slender birch canoe,
At hand, she seized and wildly rowed,
While little thought the foe bestowed
On her, though silver moonbeams flowed
 Another flood as true.

Adown the stream she rowed so fast
She swept beyond the swiftest blast.
Remembering the peril past
 She longed to reach the land
Below, to dwell in peace again
With friendly tribes beside the main,
Beside the sea, though mem'ry vain
 Recalled her slaughtered band.

Down, down she flew, nor halted more
Until she reached the welcome shore
That greeted her long years before
 In mem'ry's Summerland.
Her peril o'er, in peace to dwell,
In song and story she might tell
The woe her heart had known too well,
 The fatal Caddo stand.

She seemed to ride for death, not life,
For pangs of war preferring strife
Of angry waves so darkly rife
 With all their perils near.
The moon had passed from East to West
Full orb'd; the light of day she blest;
For rising o'er the river's crest
 The sun dispelled her fear.

XV.

She left behind the tragic scene,
Her slaughtered tribe, a mem'ry keen,
With wrong triumphant where had been
 The dream of lucky stars.
She faced the future; God was near
To dry away each bitter tear,
And turn to love all thoughts of fear,
 The bloody feast of Mars.

“My hope,” she sang, “my tribe is dead,
The bride of fate by sorrow led
My woe in pity may be read
 In sorrow bending low;
But truth is greater still than wrong,
The smile of God’s unwritten song
Will never spare the wicked throng
 That dealt the wicked blow.

Farewell, once happy home, farewell;
My heart’s forlorn, I cannot tell
How much I love each hill and dell
 That make thee dear to me.
Farewell, oh, bright and sunny land,
Thou home of freedom’s loving band,
Thy people’s last and bloody stand,
 Who went to death for thee.

Farewell, unhappy land, farewell,
Thy glory was the magic spell
For which thy children fought and fell;
 But now thy glory’s past,
For when they fell thy freedom died;
No other stands against the tide
Of battle. In the world so wide
 Who’s left to face the blast?”

XVI.

Amid the scenes of childhood days,
Where happy mem'ry fondly stays,
She felt the thrill of thankful praise;
 The thought that fear no more
Would come to her; the minstrelsy
Of nature's music near the sea,
The birth of hope, the peace to be
 Beside the golden shore.

But when she saw a greater war
Was coming from the lands afar,
Foretokened by a flaming star,
 She taught the people peace.
The curse that war had brought she told
In words that made her words seem bold
In characters that shone like gold—
 Made love of peace increase.

The arrow speeds beyond the hills,
The eagle's cries the valley fills,
The early frost the verdure kills,
 Renewed by nature's hand.
The pathway through the wood leads on
To larger views, a grander dawn,
In purple light when night is gone
 The sunlight's feasts expand.

As years rolled on another tribe,
Whose deeds 'twere honor to inscribe,
Adopted her, but to subscribe
 To naught did they require;
For purified by every pang
That death inflicts her praises sang
And through the land they rang and rang
 From fame's eternal lyre.

NOTES

1. "Linguistic evidence shows that maize was introduced into the United States from the tribes of Mexico, and from the Carib of the West Indies long before the appearance of Europeans, and indications of its cultivation are found in mounds and in ancient Pueblo mines and cliff dwellings. La Salle and other French explorers of the Mississippi valley found all the tribes they visited cultivating maize. Corn was used in various ways by the natives in their ceremonies, and among some tribes the time of planting, ripening and harvesting was made the occasion of festivities." See Bulletin No. 30 issued by the Smithsonian Institution, Part I, pages 790-1.

2. Flights of migratory wild pigeons were famous until about 1873, when the invention of breech-loading shotguns doomed them to destruction. They were bluish-gray above, breast reddish-brown, and much resembling the common dove. They moved northwest in spring and returned south in early autumn. I remember seeing one of these flights about 1861, which seemed almost an hour in passing. Audubon, the ornithologist, estimated that there were more than a billion in a flight that he witnessed, which he stated was nearly three days in passing. Their roosting places were very extensive, in one instance about forty miles long and several miles wide. When a flight rose after lighting the sound seemed almost equal to thunder.

3. Ponce de Leon was old when he led the expedition to Florida. Born in Spain about 1460, in 1493 he sailed with Columbus on his second trip to America; was Governor in Espanola, and later Porto Rico. He discovered the famous island of Bimini off the coast of Florida, in which island the Indians claimed was the Fountain of Youth, doubtless suggested by the "beauty of the women which was said to rekindle the fires of youth in the veins of age." He later discovered Florida where he was attacked by Indians and wounded, resulting in his death in Cuba in 1521.

4. The story of De Vaca's perilous journey is equal to that of Marco Polo to China in A. D. 1200. Cabeza de Vaca was with Narvaez who landed in Florida in 1528 with 300 Spaniards in search of gold. Wasted by famine, dis-

ease and savage assaults and shipwrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, only De Vaca and three others were left, "who for eight years roamed over Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona, across rivers, plains and deserts, beset by wild beasts and men," ever led on by reports of a colony of Spaniards to the southwest, until at last in 1536 the miserable wanderers, "first to make the transcontinental trip in Northern latitudes," reached the Gulf of California where they met some of their fellow countrymen, who bore them in triumph to the City of Mexico as the guests of the newly acquired Spanish province. See his own account in *Great Epochs of American History*, Vol. 1, page 123.

5. Hernando de Soto's name is inseparable from American history. Born in Spain in 1500, before he discovered the Mississippi he was in Panama and Nicaragua, was with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, from which he returned rich to Spain in 1537, and was made Governor of Cuba and Florida, with orders to explore and settle the country. The leader of 620 chosen men, as audacious "as ever trod the shores of the New World, he startled the forest with unwonted greeting," and declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone. His route has been approximately ascertained as follows: He made a circuit northward from Tampa, Florida, as far as South Carolina, thence westward into Alabama, thence northward again and westward to the Mississippi, which he is believed to have crossed at Chickasaw Bluffs in May, 1541, and went northward into Missouri; thence turning southward he reached the junction of the Red River and Mississippi, where he died of malarial fever, and was buried in the Mississippi. Of his men 250 perished from disease or in combats with Indians. One of his men said, "De Soto was a stern man of few words. His will was law to his followers, and through disappointment he was sustained by stubborn pride." See Parkham's account in *Great Epochs of American History*, Vol. 1, page 147. De Soto's vindication of Atahualpa, the last Inca of Peru, who had been basely put to death by Pizarro while a prisoner, shows the humane side of De Soto's character. See Prescott's *History of Pizarro*, Chap. 3.

6. La Salle settled in Canada about 1669, whence he sought to reach China by way of the Ohio River, supposing from reports of the Indians this river to flow into the Pacific or South Sea. But when it became evident that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico he conceived a vast prospect for extending the French power into the lower Mississippi valley, and thence attacking Mexico. In 1684 La Salle had returned to France, and was sent out with an expedition against the Spanish in Northern Mexico; but it was unsuccessful. After the loss of a ship he landed at Espiritu Santa Bay in Texas, where he built a

fort, whence for two years he made excursions by land in Texas, but his followers becoming discontented and mutinous, he was assassinated by them near the Trinity River in 1687.

7. The preceding sixteen lines were written before the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and other outrages at the hands of the Kaiser's emissaries, forced the American people to enter the World War in self defense, and the following sentiments express my present views.

8. The works of the Moundbuilders are worthy to be classed among the Seven Wonders of the world, and may justly be so considered after so many of them have been destroyed at the behest of the real or fancied requirements of civilization. In a general way these Mounds were scattered from St. Paul to New Orleans, and from St. Louis to Pittsburgh. It is estimated that there were ten thousand of them in Ohio alone, among them being the famous Serpent Mound. Six miles east of St. Louis the great Cahokia Mound challenges the wonder of all beholders. It is conceded that the mounds were constructed without iron tools or domestic animals. It was formerly assumed that they were constructed by a distinct race or people, but the more recent theory is that many of them were constructed by the Cherokees and some of the other tribes of Indians. See Bulletin 30, Part 1, page 949.

9. The Seven Cities of Cibola were said to be located in Northern Arizona, the celebrated ruins of which remain. The Pacific Ocean was vaguely known to the Aztecs and western tribes as the South Sea, or strait, but they had no knowledge of its extent.

10. In 1844 an Indian council was held at Washington, Texas. President Sam Houston, a friend of the Indians, visited them with his cabinet. One of their marks of respect to Gen. Houston was to give a dance, which an observer thus described: "Indian dances are difficult to describe. The men and women do not dance together like white people, but the men formed in a circle and danced to the right in a rude forward manner. After they were through they left the ring and the women took their places, but did not dance in a forward manner. They advanced in a circle." *Border Wars of Texas*. Page 378.

11. Prayer was common with the Indians, and this appeal to Deity was quite natural under the circumstances. See Bulletin No. 30, Vol. 2, page 303.







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